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What I Dreamed About Catherine Bateson

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Catherine Bateson

WHAT I DREAMED ABOUT

What I dreamed about was a man like one of the Knights from the Tarot deck who would ride up in a silver Jag and be in something like film but steady, reliable, and not too flashy because they go off with the blondes and withdraw all the money from the joint account while you're down at the laundromat spraying stain remover on their jocks. He could be the victim of some terrible accident like Mr. Rochester and then he was yours for life but I was never sure whether he'd still be able to have a full and fantastic sex life of the kind featured in all the magazines if he was confined to a wheelchair and I didn't want a Seeing Eye dog, not always in the lounge room, so I gave him a pronounced limp for a while and then tried mild recurrent bouts of malaria.

I expected him to have money or something to sell or be terribly talented and struggling. There'd always be travel brochures on our coffee table and friends getting postcards and phone calls from San Francisco, Guatemala, and Tangiers. We'd have a big house, naturally, with hand constructed furniture and I'd draw fantastic naked women on the bath tiles and give Moroccan dinner parties.

If I dream now it's that we'll win Tattsлото, buy a house, a new car, a refrigerator but I never turn the t.v. on at 8:25 pm for the results or even buy the paper the next day.

My heart's not in it, not the way I once looked forward to going to bed just so I could close my eyes and see his face, the future: unknown, unkissed, as breathlessly anticipated as a party when you're still looking around for that man, the one with whom you dream you'll spend the rest of your life.